

Puck

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THE NEGLECTED IDOL.

NAPOLEON McKINLEY. — Say, what's the matter with those blooming jays? Don't they know there's a Napoleonic revival now going on?



A PATIENT LOVER.

MY SWEETHEART is a treasure
And I love her beyond measure,
And each day I have discovered some new and charming trait;
But it made me feel the saddest
When I found she was a faddist,
And that I must be neglected for caprices up to date.

At one time it was Browning,
Then, First Aid to the Drowning,
Then Trying to Discover why Cats Land on their Feet;
Then Bric-à-brac Collecting,
Then Views on Vivisection,
Then a dainty kind of slumming in a very dirty street.

Goodness knows what next it will be,
For a long time it was "Tribby,"
Until unto Napoleon she became a devotee;
Now it's Joan of Arc and her age;
But I try to keep up courage,
For I hope the time is coming when she'll make a fad of me.

Carolyn Wells.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE.

RAMBLER.—Our minister has received a call from somewhere else at more money, and I understand he has been home two days praying for guidance.

CASTLETON.—What does his wife think about it?

RAMBLER.—Oh! she's packing up.



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ANIMATE ART.

FIRST ACTRESS.—I'm tired of these perfectly plain costumes.

SECOND ACTRESS.—So am I. How would a flounce or two of gold dust look over the bronze?

"THEY SAY she married him to get rid of him."
"Chicago girl, was n't she?"

OUR UNPAID bills are sometimes the source of our best efforts.

THERE ARE dozens of remedies for rheumatism, and it usually lasts long enough to give its victim a chance to try them all.

"AN ILL WIND," ETC., ETC.



"Goodness me! There goes my hat."



"Well, that certainly is remarkable! Where did it go?"

SHOW PLACES.

VISITOR IN PHILADELPHIA.—I shall only be here three days, and I want to see any places of local interest you may have.

NATIVE.—All right! This afternoon we will go to the Ledger office; to-morrow visit the Penitentiary, and the next day the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum. Oh, we Philadelphians can show strangers a good time!

THE STREET-CAR company is the only institution that makes anything from its hangers on.

CONTENTMENT CONSISTS in the temporary forgetfulness of the thing we would like to have next.

TO FEED upon one's own greatness is to become a victim of cranial gout.



"I'm a nice-looking sight to call on a bank-president; ain't I?"



"Th' saints presarve us! Phwere did that come from?"



"Sure, it fits me great!"



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A DIPLOMATIC DISMISSAL.

MR. BORELEY.—Yes; it is raining real hard, but it will clear up soon.

MISS INNIT.—It's too bad you have to go out in the rain! Shall I loan you an umbrella?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"



IS SAID, to change the fashion, all's
Accomplished if the name be new;
But when Sue dons her rationals
I find the proverb far from true.

For should she, ere she goes to ride,
A moment in the parlor sit,
And court my gaze with proper pride,
I praise their cut and call them "It."

But when, a-wheel, her garment shows
Its long division to the hem,
I'd rather not; but goodness knows,
I am constrained to call it "Them."

And so 't is made quite clear to me
Not all the style is in the name;
Dubbed "it" or "them," you still may see
They're bifurcated just the same.

Myles Tyler Frisbie.

AN UNPARDONABLE FAULT.

HE.—I consider Mrs. Harrower as the best of our modern society novelists.

SHE.—Oh, how can you say so? Why, in that last book of hers the heroine's dress did n't match the furniture!

"No," SAID the living skeleton, firmly; "I can not take your hall bed-room."

"But it is a fine, light, airy room," persisted his landlady.

"That may be, but if you think I'm going into the closet business before my time, you're greatly mistaken!"

WHEN A MAN'S good deeds speak for themselves, he should not allow his voice to drown theirs.



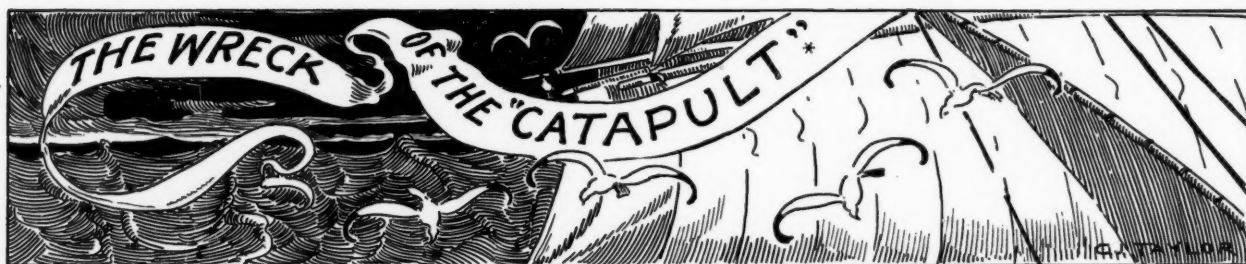
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THE CIRCUS IN BOSTON.

THE ELEPHANT.—I always get nervous when the show strikes this town.

THE BENGAL TIGER.—Why?

THE ELEPHANT.—I can't help feeling that even the little children who come to look at us know a great deal more about us than we do ourselves.



BY CL—RK R—SS—LL.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."
—Barry Cornwall.

IF THERE be those who love not the sea with its storms, its seaweed, its sharks and shrimps and ships, this is not the story for them, and they would best weigh anchor and steer for some tale written by a landlubber and full of green meadows and trees and such Tommy-rot, for this is to be chock-a-block with nautical phrases.

And who am I? you ask. I am Joseph Inland, the tenth of that name. We have always lived and died here in Birmingham, and followed the trade of cutlers; but when I was a babe of one year, Father told Mother 't was time one member of the family followed the sea, wherever it went, and that he intended to make a sailor of me.

So, before I was six, I had heard of sloops and ferry-boats and belaying pins and admirals and salt junk, and longed to hear the wind whistling through the maintop gallant mast, and could say "bote-swain" as glibly as any sailor afloat. But Father was in moderate circumstances; and so, much as he would have liked to, he could not afford to send me to sea when I was a boy, and that is why my one and twentieth birthday came and went and I had never been further from Birmingham than my legs could carry me in a day; but you may be sure that I subscribed to the *Seaman's Daily*, and through a friend who knew a sailor, I had picked up such terms as amidships, deck, boom, bilge-water, forecassel, and the like, so that I was a seaman in everything save actual experience.

And in the amateur dramatical society of which I was a member, I always played sailors' parts, and did them so well that when we played "Hamlet" they changed the part of the grave-digger to that of a sailor for me, and I made a great hit in it. The one who played "Hamlet" did n't like the change, as it interfered with his lines and his business with a skull, and he refused to come on at all in that act; but I sang a sea song, instead, and the newspaper came out and said that my singing was no worse than his acting would have been, which I thought pretty neat.

But enough of that. I was always fond of joking, and had nigh unto a score of comical sayings that I used to repeat to my friends when they would come to our house of an evening; but they did n't often come. My father said I was as comical a lad as he ever knew, and would slap me on the back and roar that it was the funniest thing he had heard in a twelve-month when I made one particular joke the tenor of which I forget now. But all the jokes dealt with the sea.

Well, so much for my life up to my one and twentieth birthday. You have learned that if ever a body was fitted for a sea life, that body was mine.

By the time I was six and twenty, I don't believe there was a sea term that I did not have at my tongue's end, and I always wore my trousers wide at the lower end and kept a chew of tobacco in my mouth day and night, although, after a time, I failed to notice any taste in it.

It was a gladsome sight to see me go rolling to my work in the cutler's shop (for I still followed the old trade) with a hearty "Ho, landsman! good mornin' to ye!" to all I met, in true sailor fashion.

Our fare at home consisted of lolly, ship's biscuit, salt junk, and plum duff with water drawn from casks. My dear old mother used sometimes to wish for home-made bread and fresh meat and vegetables and pump water; and I remember one Winter, brother died of the scurvy, but I was better content than if he had died of some landsman's complaint, and Mother was glad to put up with anything, she was so proud that I was to be a seaman.

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I had a carpenter construct my parents' bed room, so that the whole floor could be rocked; and on stormy nights I would stay up and by a simple mechanism, keep it a-rocking until poor old Mother would be as sick as if she were in the channel. But I never heard her murmur. *She* was fit for a sailor's wife.

On such nights Father never went to bed but staid downstairs. There was little of the seaman's spirit in the old man.

When I was one and thirty, I had a rare chance to ship before the mast on a whaler sailing from Liverpool; but as business was pretty brisk at the shop, I decided to wait, and the offer was not renewed when she returned, three years later.

When I was forty, dear Mother entered her last port. The doctor, a blundering landlubber, fond of landmen's phrases, said she died of insufficient nutriment. Be that as it may, or what it may, in her I lost one whose heart was always on my going to sea. Douse my top lights, if ever there was a craft that carried a stauncher heart from barnacle to binnacle than did the old lady, and I had her buried in shrouds, with a cannon ball at the foot of the coffin, as befitted the mother of one who was going to be a seaman.

After she died I became even more impatient to be off to sea, for there 's no air so pure as the sea air, no hearts so true as seamen's hearts, no weed like seaweeds, and no water that 's fit to drink save sea water; but business was pretty good, so, for the present, I decided to stay ashore; but I always read the shipping news with as much keenness as any sailor afloat.

And now I've come to the end of my yarn. I named it "The Wreck of the Catapult," because it had a salty savor. It was the name of one of my favorite Sunday-school books when I was a lad. Now I am an old man, three score and ten, and have been alone in the world a score of years. Heaven denied me the blessing of children, but I have a grandson who is as hot for the sea as I was.

Ah, me! Next week I am going to apply for admission to the Sailors' Home; for, although circumstances have prevented my ever seeing the ocean or scenting its salty breezes, I have always been, and always shall be, at heart, a British seaman.

Shiver my timbers!

Charles Battell Loomis.





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A REMNANT.

SHE.—What do you think of Miss Rock's catch,—Count Sawdorff?
HE.—I think she might have got more for her money.

HIS DISADVANTAGE.

CROSS.—I wonder why our friend, Dr. Sawyer, can't get any practice? He lives in a well-to-do neighborhood, and he really is a most excellent physician.

BLACKWELL.—He told me he could n't wear a silk hat; — it always gives him a severe headache.

NO ONE is superstitious when it comes to receiving the baker's dozen.



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THE IDOLS OF THE HOUR.

CORNEY, THE COPPER.—Say, youz fellers seem to be rather chipper dis mornin'! STROLLING STROTHERS, WAYSIDE WALKER AND HIRSUTE HAWKINS (*in chorus*).—You bet! We've struck it rich. All der wimmen is crazy about dis Trilby fad. Dey say we makes 'em t'ink of de t'ree musketeers of der brushes, an' every house we goes to dey give us de best dey 've got!

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

WADE.—What's the matter, old man? You look as cross as two sticks.

BUTCHER.—You'd be mad, too! I lost my gold collar-button, and was searching and searching —

WADE.—Why, you've got it on, now!

BUTCHER.—Yes; that's it! I found it just where my wife said it was, at first.

LOVE is the cement with which the Great Architect unites the hearts of humanity; — MORT!

A STUDY IN TENSE.

I've read the modern novel,
And I've learned this truth at last:
That the Woman of the Future
Is the Woman with a Past.

C. W.



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APPROPRIATE.

FIRST BROOKLYN MAN (*proudly*).—It was my birthday yesterday, and just look at this beautiful shawl pin my wife gave me as a present!

SECOND BROOKLYN MAN (*not wishing to be left*).—That is very nice; but my wife did better than that. My birthday was last week, and she had the baby coach all newly painted for me.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW.

WOGGLEBAUM.—I see vere dere vas t'ree new fire insurance gombanies shtardt last month mit large capitals.

FIRENSKI.—Veeping Rachel! Vot a lot of peoples dere ish nowadays mit money to burn!

ITS ONE DRAWBACK.

MRS. HOMER.—Dear me, I must commence house-cleaning to-morrow, and I hate it!

MR. HOMER.—Why, how is that?

MRS. HOMER.—It dirties every thing up so.



LECTURER.—The boa constrictor just tried to swallow the snake-charmer, and the woman was only saved by her rare presence of mind.

MANAGER.—Well, well! How did it happen?

LECTURER.—Oh, she put forth that claim about her age and clung to it; and you know nobody could swallow that!

[F, AS has erroneously been said, we really "profit by our errors," every man-jack of us be would declaring dividends daily.

SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN.

THE WOMEN.

SCENE: *The Boudoir.* Time, 3 P. M.

THE GUEST.—Well, I must go now! Oh, say, did you hear of Gladys's engagement?

(*The full details for another hour.*)

THE GUEST.—Really, now I must hurry home! Oh, about those challies! You can get them at Styles & Ware's.

(*More discourse about the latest Spring fashions; clock chimes six.*)

THE GUEST.—Dear me! How the time flies! Well, good-by, dear—you heard about Mrs. Flytie?—oh, dreadfully talked about, and—
(*Exhaustive resumé of the lady's failings.*)

THE HOSTESS.—Tea is served. Won't you stay?

THE GUEST.—Well, I'm sure I ought n't, but I might as well.
(*Does so.*)

THE MEN.

SCENE: *The Club.* Time, 3 A. M.

THE DEAL.—Say, I thought we were to stop at two o'clock?

Here it's three, already; suppose we have three rounds of jack pots and quit.

(*Jack pots fill up the time till four.*)

THE AGE.—Well, I hate to quit so much ahead. What do you say to just one more round? See if I can't lose this stack!

(*Shuffling, cutting, dealing and bluffing for another half-hour.*)

THE BET.—I'm the victim, it seems. Suppose we have a two-dollar jack as a wind-up?

(*Two-dollar jack gets under way.*)

THE CUT (*looking at watch*).—Five o'clock! Well, there's no use stopping at this hour. Let's play the day in.
(*They do.*)

R. L. M.

MAKING HIM USEFUL.

Colonel Handy Polk, the prominent real estate agent of Hawville, Oklahoma, recently purchased a spirited horse, and, a few days later, cordially invited Dr. Slade to take a ride. All went well for a time, and then the horse began plunging and kicking, and wound up the performance by overturning and smashing the buggy and disappearing over the hill in the general direction of Nova Scotia.

"Confound you, Handy!" roared the physician, as he extracted his head from one of the wheels, through which it had been thrust without regard to the safety of his ears. "What in the dickens did you mean by inviting me to ride behind such an infernal horse as that?"

"Why," returned the colonel, struggling to his feet, "I was afraid the brute would run away and break something, and I thought I'd be on the safe side and have a doctor along in case I needed one."

"RICHES HAVE wings;" but not so many as poor-houses.



IN THESE DAYS.

MANAGER.—How many characters in your drama?

PLAYWRIGHT.—Six at the beginning, and five at the end.

"How do you mean?"

"The heroine loses hers as the plot develops."

THE CUT DIRECT.

The victim closed his eyes, seemingly unconscious or indifferent to his fate.

With his keen blade bared, the assistant torturer awaited the signal from his chief.

A pause.

Was there hope yet?

No! See; the dread sign is given!

The razor of the barber's new apprentice glitters in the air and, the next instant, the steady-customer-who-never-tips is weltering in his gore.



SOCIAL STUDIES.

"A childless marriage is a loveless one, don't you believe that?" She spoke a great truth, she knew it, and her voice was grave and earnest.

But for this once she caught the young man napping on third base, as it were. "Um—ah!" he stammered; "yes, even unto the third and fourth generation."

And all the way home he wondered what had made her grow so strangely silent.

NATIVE PRAISE.

In the village of Chicago
The critics all salaam
Unto the great star actor,
And say he is a ham.

"Do you believe in original sin?"

"No; most of them are plagiarized."

"MAN WANTS but little here below," and frequently he has to hock that.

AN OKLAHOMA COURTSHIP.

MISS GLADYS MORK.—How did you come to accept Alkali Ike?

MISS BIRDIE SLADE.—Because he was so brave and fearless. Why, when I asked him to do something heroic, to prove his love for me, he whooped and swore and kicked the chairs over till Paw got out of bed and came downstairs, as mad as a hornet, to quiet the uproar. And then Ike jumped on to him and licked him in less than three minutes. And you know that Paw has always been considered one of the hardest men in the county to handle.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AN EPIDEMIC OF PERJURY.

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States has declared the Income-tax law to be constitutional, except as to a few of its provisions; — that is, it has decided that under the wording of the Constitution, such a tax may properly be levied. After all, the question was not a very deep or involved one; a lexicographer could have disposed of it about as ably as did the combined wisdom of our highest court, for the legal right or wrong of the tax seems to have depended upon the exact meaning ascribed to certain words in the Constitution. But, now that the constitutionality of the law has been vouched for, we should like to see the Supreme Court get down to the real meat of the matter and tell how the tax may be collected. There's a problem worthy of the deepest study. Rich and poor alike are to-day heartily condemning this law, with utter disregard for the costly and dignified opinion secured from the Court. In time of war, general famine or other national calamity, we are pleased to believe that the average American citizen would cheerfully give up a certain proportion of his income for the general good. In the absence of any such emergency, he rebels. It may be constitutional, he reasons, but, if so, that is the fault of the Constitution, — its framers were not careful enough; for the Constitution itself grew out of a personal-liberty law which every American privately enacted for himself in the latter part of the last century. This private law has been in force ever since. Every American enacts it for himself as soon as he reaches maturity. It is the real foundation of our national structure, this law, and when the Constitution conflicts with it, the Constitution will be found to be imperfect. Every man fortunate enough to be of the class which the Income-tax law affects is now wondering just how honest he had better be in making his returns. A few will be rigidly conscientious, and some will be just fairly honest, but the great majority will be as dishonest as they dare; — that is, they will hide, withhold, divert, quibble and falsify, and all because they believe the law to be unjust. Even the poor man busies himself in imagining ways that he would evade the tax if he were only rich. The Income-tax law can not be equitably enforced, because the people at large do not approve of it. Some day our legislators will learn that something more than mere legality is necessary to make a measure respected and obeyed in a country where the people are supposed to rule themselves; and that it is not worth the while to try to enforce a law that they generally condemn.

A PLEA FOR HONEST IMMORALITY.

IT IS a depressing fact that the public taste for immorality in plays and books has become perverted. The most popular brand of immorality now is that which has a gamey flavor. If we, as a people, are to grow, spiritually and intellectually, this evil must be corrected. When let to run, it induces unwholesome introspection, confuses clear and established standards of right and wrong, and nourishes a shoddy sentimentality that is always morally debilitating. This wave of Moralomania, or whatever it may be called, seems to have reached our shores several years ago with the English translation of a novel by Tolstoi. That novel made use of the most elaborate and intricate calculations that geometry affords to prove that two taken from four leaves two; in other words, it taught the awful truth that a woman can not become utterly depraved without hurting her finer moral nature. Volume and force were added to this wave by Ibsen. This author teaches that if a man with yellow side-whiskers have articular rheumatism in his fifty-second year, a male descendant of his in the fourth generation will be, at his thirtieth year, a red-haired piano-tuner afflicted with goitre and a criminal fondness for jam tarts, to which he will weakly succumb every second Monday. After the stuff of these literary Grandmothers had done its work in the American mind, along came novels written by a set of British females who seem not to be quite sure if their minds are on straight. These novels lay bare the solemn and impressive truth that a man and a woman can not defy the conventionalities without becoming, in a measure, unconventional; but that a woman ought to be immoral if there is a reason for it sufficiently inscrutable to her and to every one else. By that time the American public was ready for the British play — a play on words, generally — a play full of Rhine-stone epigrams that an unfortunate wretch brought forth by juggling with the moral multiplication table, — by saying that five times five, in morals, is twenty-six, or perhaps a hundred, or per-

haps nothing at all. The American public received this manna with bilious but enthusiastic gratitude. It said how interesting vice was in London drawing-rooms, and what a clumsy, funny, old-fashioned affair genuine virtue was getting to be, anyway; and how wonderfully clever and witty it was to say that good is bad and bad is good. And then came another playwright whose immorality if not quite so ultra-transcendental is far more practical, for he demonstrated the great truth that if a drunken stage husband cuts the cards for his wife with her wealthy lover, and *loses*, the public will pay liberally to see the operation. A later work of this author shows that if you are an opium-fiend and truly love one who was a happy, careless, depraved and dissolute girl only a few years before, you can win her in the last act and carry her off on the villain's yacht if you only get drunk on opium often enough. As a result of a few years' diet on this sort of pabulum one part of the New York public has been discussing which is more moral — a woman clad in silk tights the hundredth part of an inch thick, or a woman clad in bronze paint the fiftieth part of an inch thick. Another part is petitioning the legislature to pass a law against the wearing of tights on the stage, in the ingenuous belief that tights alone constitute stage immorality. And the worst of it is that it is *all* so odorously immoral that it would turn the stomach of the captain of a garbage scow. That congenital ignoramus, Anthony Comstock, trying to pass an anti-tights law at Albany is just as immoral as the dramatist who says that black is white, or the variety-theatre manager who panders to debased instincts. It is encouraging to note that the reading and theatre-going publics seem lately to have been recalled somewhat to their senses by noting the inevitable trend of this meretricious stuff. We trust there will be a healthy reaction toward the sterling, old-fashioned immorality of our forefathers' plays and books. The honest physical vices that Fielding and Smollett exploited never yet ruined a nation, a city or a tribe; but the decayed mental vices which nauseate us to-day have led to the ruin of great peoples. So long as we must have immorality, then, let us cling to the first. Compared with the second it is sturdy and wholesome and instructive. So, we say to the reading public: go back in your reading to the time before immorality became a science — when it still meant real human nature in some one of its normal phases. And, to the theatre-going public, we say: stay away from the plays that offer you only decayed immorality. You can generally tell which they are, because the critics invariably speak of them as "epoch-making." There is plenty of edifying dramatic stuff left in normal human nature, that can be enjoyed without the aid of iodoform, and that is what you should have. If you can't find it in the legitimate drama, go to the "Black Crook" or one of its prototypes, and take your family with you. Vice and virtue know their places there; and uncovered, well-rounded legs are wholesomer than moral cancers with epigram dressing.



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THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

LITTLE MICKEY (who has made a mistake in his spelling). — What difference does one letter make, anyhow?

MR. O'TOOLE (wishing to impress a severe lesson). — It jist meks a dommed soight av diffrince sometimes! Jist because there haint thot little letter "R" in the months av May, June, July an' August, we don't git no oysters. Thot's phwhat!





THE
ANGLO-MANIACS

J.M. Hulthins.

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OF FOOL AMERICANS.



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PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.
"THE NUDE IN ART."

AN ANSWER FOR FAIR.

"I will be yours," she said; "but you must promise me to become a worker for the church."

"Heavens!—"

The look of happiness faded from his eyes.

"I could never bring myself to eat ice cream and oyster stew, and—"

Convulsive sobs shook his frame—

"I promised Mother I would never gamble!"

From that night they never met again.

HOW BOBBY GOT EVEN.

Although the teacher kept me in to-day
For full two hours, I felt no pang of sorrow;
I just got even with him in this way:
I went and learned my lessons for to-morrow.



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SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, TOO.

REBECCA IKENSTEIN.—Vat vill you say, mein Fater?—oh, vorgeeve your daughter!—I loaf—loaf a Ghristian.

ISAAC IKENSTEIN.—Goot, goot, mein schild! Marry him quick! I vill a partner make him, undt ve vill keeb dot shtore oben efry day in der week.

A DISCREDITED PATRIOT.

Once upon a time, a Mouse, in his rambles through an unfrequented part of the house wherein he dwelt, discovered a fine, large cheese. As he was generous and public-spirited, he immediately hastened back to Mousetown and informed his neighbors of the fortunate find.

His report was coldly received.

"Clearly," said the leaders of the community, "you have been deceived by your imagination or your prejudice, or wish, maliciously, to lead us out of the footsteps of our fathers to some strange place where we will be entrapped and ruined. Your report promises too much; our old-fashioned way of living is good enough."

Whereupon the mouse in disgust went back to his cheese and made a Winter habitation of it, in which he lived luxuriously, while his late companions were starving.

Discouragements lower ambition, but they are a mighty stimulus to selfishness.



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IT'S DIFFERENT OUT WEST.

PAWKENHAM (of Chicago).—I suppose your folks was originally D—Germans, Mr. Van Pelter?

VAN PELTER.—No, sir! We are Dutch—Dutch—one of the oldest Knickerbocker families.

PAWKENHAM.—That's what I thought. Only, ye see, out our way the Dutch get as mad as thunder if you call 'em anything but Germans.

AT LAST.

The stout party with the eye-glasses gazed with rapture at the rolling, dark-blue waves.

"At last," he said, "the dream of my life is realized! I have the glories of the mighty deep before my eyes, the moisture of the salt breeze for the first time on my cheek!"

Here he wept.

The careless loungers of the sandy shore, recognizing the celebrated writer of sea stories, respected his emotion, and stood silent, nor jarred upon his joy with their idle babble.

HEREDITARY INFLUENCES.

When your baby to walk will first begin,
You'll find he takes after you, rather,
If you teach him yourself to follow in
The

Footsteps
Of
His
Father!

R. L. M.



"FAINT HEART never won fair lady," without considerable assistance on her part.

ALL THINGS come to those who know when to stop waiting.

IT WOULD be a good thing if people could not play the violin until they know how.

THE PRIMAL CAUSE.

Womankind we blame for all our woe,
By her tricks and schemes our wills entrapping;
But the sex would not be here, you know,
If the first man had n't been caught napping.
C. W.

DOWN ON HIM, ANYWAY.



MR. BONDER (reading the *Daily Whirled*).—"And who is responsible for this deplorable condition of things? Who but our substantial business men and men of affairs, whose selfish indifference and apathy allow the worst class of political bosses and heelers to control the party and subvert the government to their own base uses. We place the blame squarely on the shoulders of our rich men who are too lazy to attend the primaries, and too devoted to the sordid occupation of money getting to consent to hold office."

By Jove! I don't know but what that editor's right! I'll look into the thing a little bit, myself.

MR. BONDER (six months later—reading the *Daily Whirled*).—"We note with pain the nomination of Thomas H. Bonder to fill the vacancy in the 'Steenth Congressional District. It is a sad commentary on the degenerate condition of affairs when money-bags take precedence of horny-handed brains and industry;—when the most important offices are sold at the auction block, and men with nothing but dollars to recommend them are elevated to positions of public trust. It is evident that we are fast approaching a plutocracy when the millionaire is stifling the voice of the workingman and shutting out from all share in the government the great mass of the common people, of whose cause the *Daily Whirled* is and always has been the devoted champion."

HER OPINION OF THE MATTER.

FANNY T. PHAYRE.—Did you know that Cora Peachcheck slapped the face of a man who tried to flirt with her yesterday?

MISS ANN TEAK (scornfully).—The bold minx! You may be sure she started it by encouraging him. It's mighty strange I never meet with such adventures!

OF ALL the charms of the Venus de Milo, perhaps the greatest was that she could n't play the banjo.



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LATER ON.

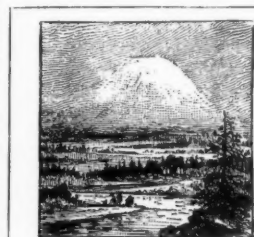
SON OF THE HOUSE.—It was bad enough when I had to wear Father's cut-down trousers, but when it comes to wearin' Mother's, I'm a-goin' to kick.

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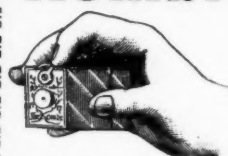
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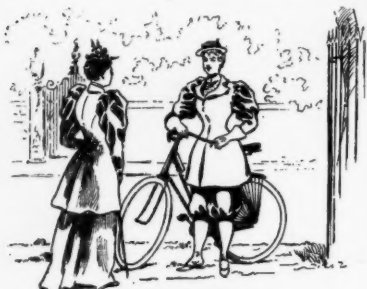
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MR. MCCALLUM.—Have you, really?
MR. O'CORK.—Sure, did n't Oi fall in love wid me woife phwin Oi saw her dancin' th' Hoighland Fling?—*New York Weekly.*

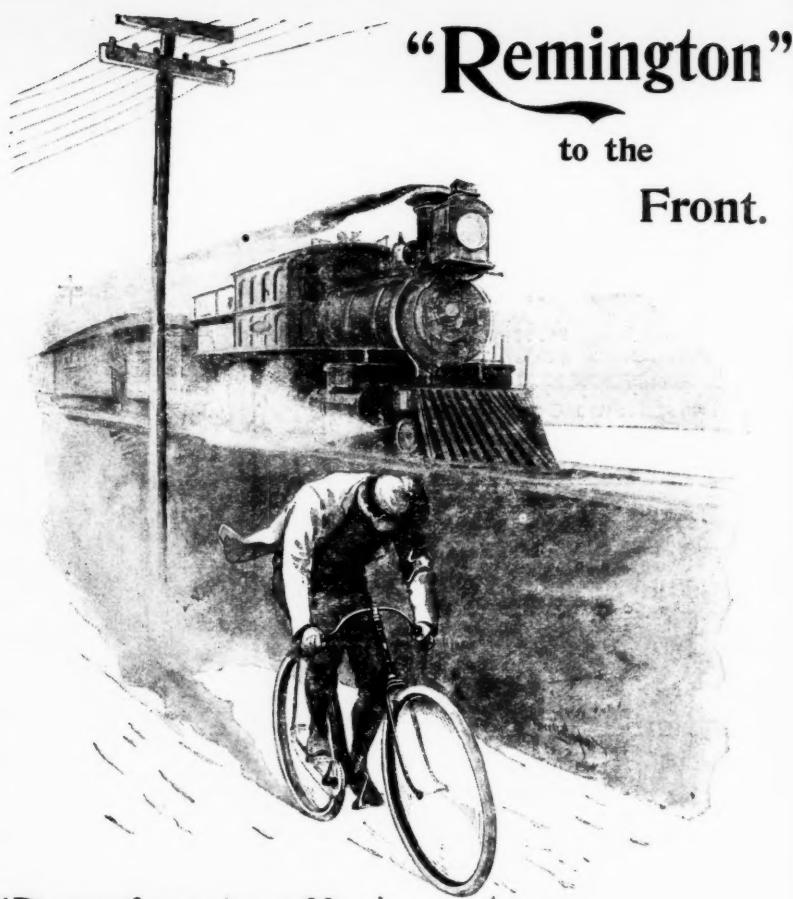
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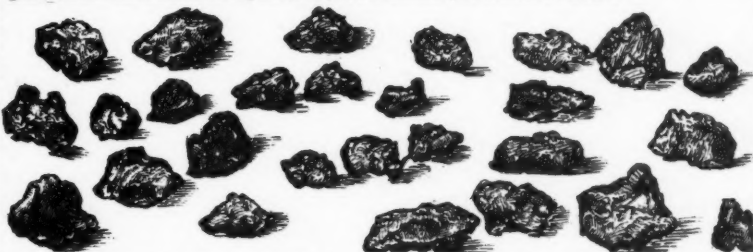
THE supply of newspapers in this country appears to be considerably in excess of the news.—*West Union Gazette.*

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2. A SOLVENT FOR STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Dr. B. J. Weistling, of Middletown, Pa., states:

"Experience in its use in Stone in the Bladder, in my own person, enables me to attest the efficacy of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** having been subjected to sufferings, the intensity of which cannot be described, I have, under the influence of the water, passed an ounce of Calculi (Uric Acid), some of which weighed as much as four grains, affording inexpressible relief and leaving me in a condition of comparative ease and comfort. "On one occasion I passed thirty-five Calculi in forty-eight hours. The appearance of this Calculus Nuclei indicates unmistakably, I think, that they were all component particles of one large Calculus, destroyed by the action of the water, by means of solution and disintegration. At my advanced period of life (I am seventy-seven years and six months of age), and in my feeble general health, a surgical operation was not to be thought of, and the water seems to have accomplished all that such an operation, if successful, could have done."



The above plate is from a photograph, and represents the exact size and shape of some of the Calculi passed by Dr. Weistling.

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

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THE KISS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.
MOTHER.—What's that smacking noise in the parlor?

STUDIOUS BOY (who goes to school).—It's sister and her young man exchanging microbes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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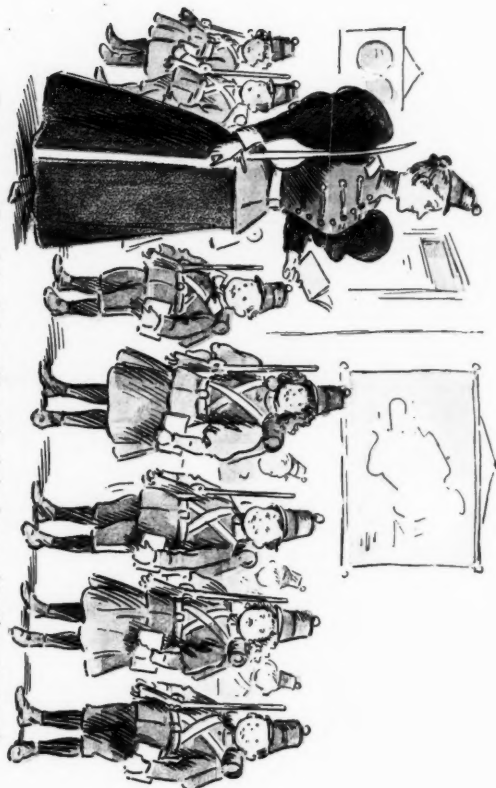
ALMOST all actresses
are either married, or
just getting over it.—
Atchison Globe.

YOUTH paints the
circus bill for old age
to tear down.—*Texas Siftings.*

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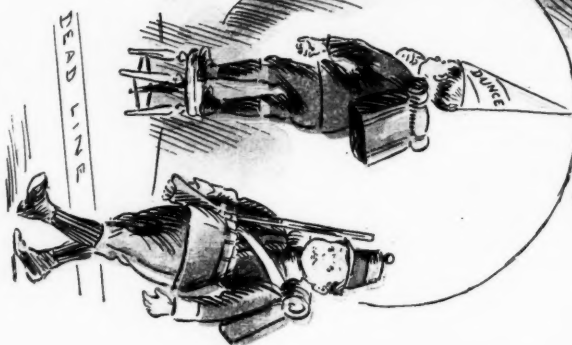
TEACHER. — First brigade in spelling take their places. Attention, company!



The Drum will supersede the School Bell.



A TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL.—Charge, Playing "Hookey" and Throwing Paper Pellets.



In disgrace.



How the "militarizing" movement will probably affect the neighborhood of our schools.



of Ober

When our schools are "militarized" the Boards of Education will have to "militarize" themselves, too, when they make their periodical visits.

THE MOVEMENT TO "MILITARIZE" OUR SCHOOLS—A SHORT LOOK AHEAD.